

November 2020

Sun Kil Moon

November

Four years ago on this night I remember
At this same hour
Sittin' in a lobby of a hotel somewhere in Massachusetts
With my band mates watchin' the election tick
Justin kept walkin' outside smokin' his roly cigarettes
And Trump was winnin' just as I had expected

At about 2:00 a.m. I said "Hey, I'm goin' to bed"
Ah what a tour that was Jesu/Sun Kil Moon had had
All of my friend's wives stayed home in bed
While I tried to lift the spirits of our audience
Oh what a month
Trump had won
Leonard Cohen was dead
And each night we played
'Famous Blue Raincoat' in tribute to him

And here we are November, 2020
Haven't toured since September 2019
With Chris and Scotty
Chris in the passenger's seat
Scott was the driver
And me in the back seat talkin' their ears off
Textin' the promoters about our riders

Told 'em the story about Luis Resto
And how he used Plaster of Paris
In his gloves
To put more power in his blows
And how Panama Lewis put him up to it
And how Luis Resto derailed Billy Collin's life
And how later Billy got into a car accident and died
And how for so long Luis Resto lived a lie

And how years later he admitted he knew all along
About what inside the gloves Panama applied
And how on camera he broke down and cried

I never killed no one but I've lived a double life
Cheated on girlfriends and slept with other men's wives
And yeah I may have broken some hearts
That's how life goes out there in the jungle
Throwin' darts in the darkness

One-night stands, affairs and flings
Sometimes short-lived romances end amicably
Sometimes you say goodbye and never hear another thing
And sometimes somebody's heart ends up stinging
And if you're not careful you can bring home STDs
But hey weren't we all taught the birds and the bees
But nature is nature and we can all cave in
And find ourselves lonely and weak

Everyone handles it different when they feel frustration or shame
For cheating on their studs and cheating on their dames
Some shove their shame onto others and place the blame

Some reach out to others and complain
Some convolute, contrive and confuse as they try to explain
How they ended up bitter after chasing the flame
After chasing an admirer, after chasing brame

Some men have swagger
Some women have game
But it don't mean they're all diabolically evil
Just means they're a certain kind of people
And some will judge them as people who unwholly
It's just the way their lives have rolled
Things that have been ingrained in them since we were three years old

And now I'm somewhere between older and old
And I got KOd and now I'm movin' forward

As for all of us and our suffering and pain
What of it is real and what of it is feigned?
Is it all about attention and coat tailing on fame?
Who knows what's real anymore and what is feigned?
And all the bumblebees and yellow jackets that stung us all along the way
Hey that's nature
Who are we to say we are not to be betrayed?
And who are we to say we were not fairly portrayed?
It all comes with the territory of hanging in the company of strangers

One-night stands, affairs and casual flings
Aren't promises of anything
No promises of bright futures
No promises of gifts or promise rings
No promises of big houses and drawers full of bling
No promises no promises no promises of anything

I'm imperfect and I'm flawed and I'm not the best broken-heart mender
But I love and care for all women and I've done my best to be kind and tender
I've tried to be caring and to be a good listener
Though I'm imperfect and I'm flawed
And I've broken some hearts
Who hasn't?
Not even my Grandpa

As for you, My Love, I must make amends
And dry your tears, for you've been my lover for so so many years and my best friend
And you've held me when I've been hurtin' and beaten down as fuck
And you've rescued me when I've fallen into ponds and lakes and oceans of bad luck

And now it is you that I'm holding and consoling while you're hurting
And now it is to you that I'm promises to that I'm done with all of my wrong doing
You're the love of my life and I'm so sorry for all the hurt that I've caused you
But these are just words I know
You'll see by my actions
I will prove it to you

November, what will you bring?
November, what does my heart want to sing
November, Wait Until Spring, Bandini
Lays at the top of the stack of books on my bedside stand next to me

I open it, flip its pages and I think of you
And I love you like Svevo loves Maria
And I love you like Svevo Bandini loves Ma
His shoes are broken and patched he's out of work
He's behind on house payments
The Colorado winter brings him down
But at night when he's beside her all his woes are gone
When he melts into Maria
When he makes love to Maria